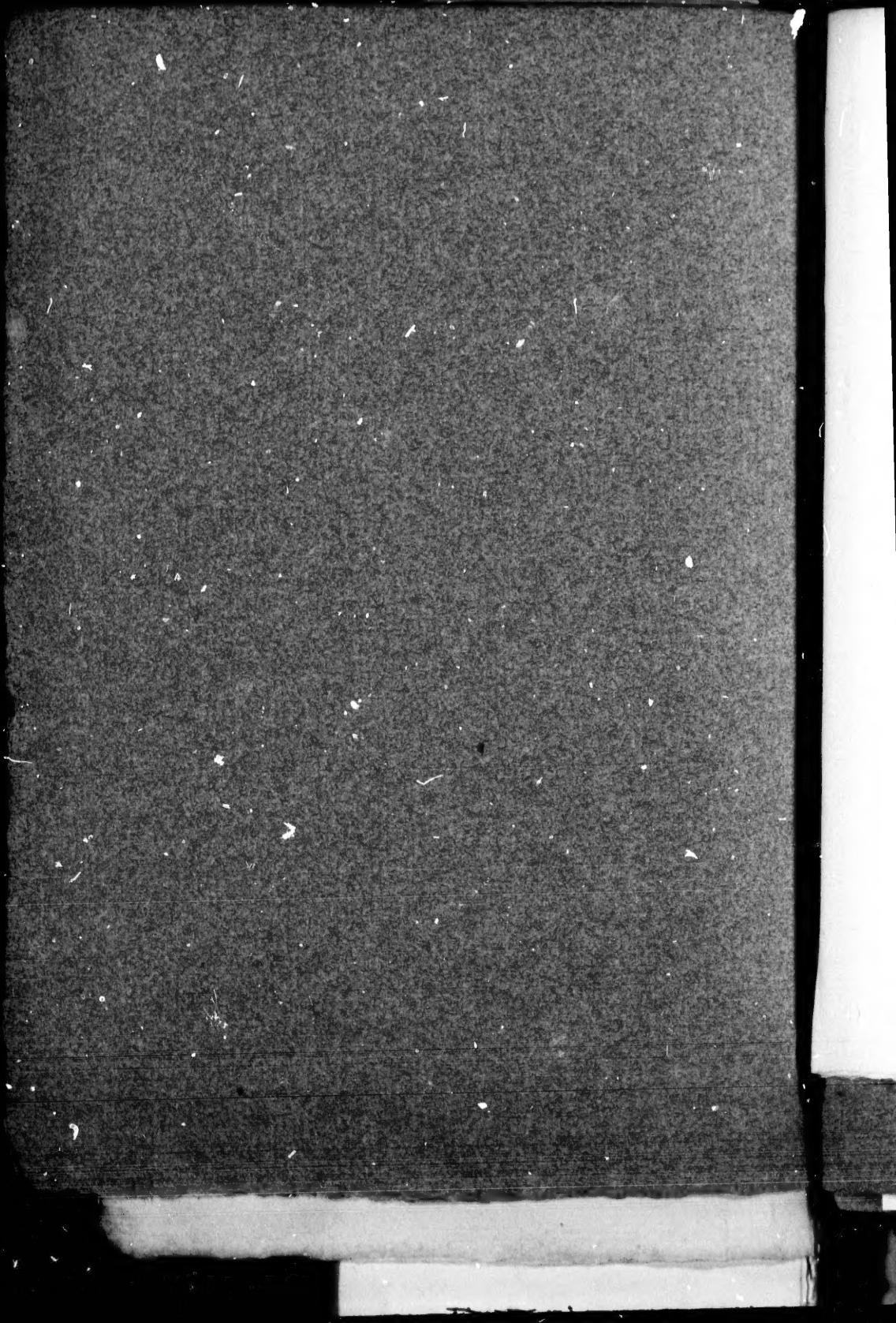
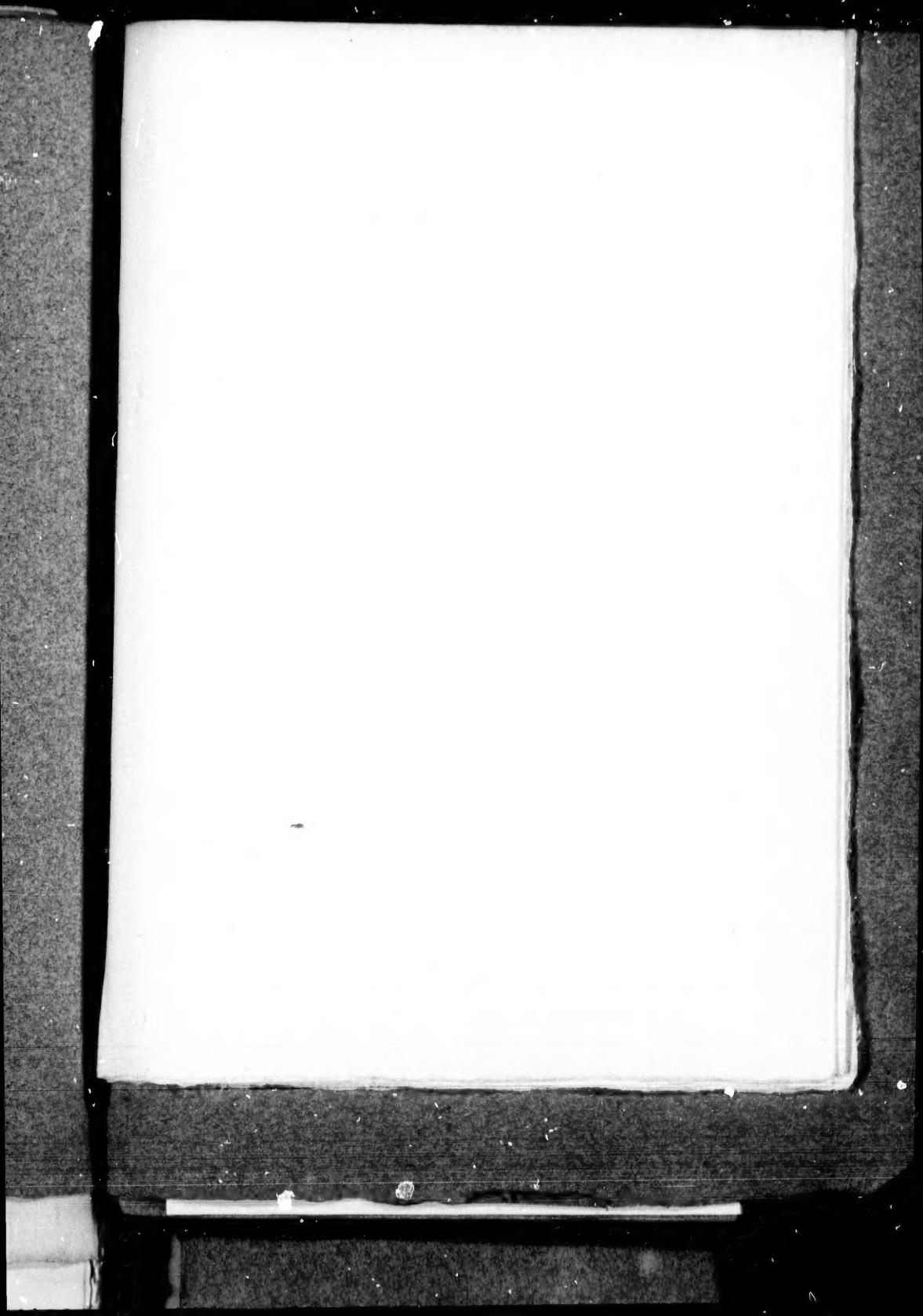


TWO

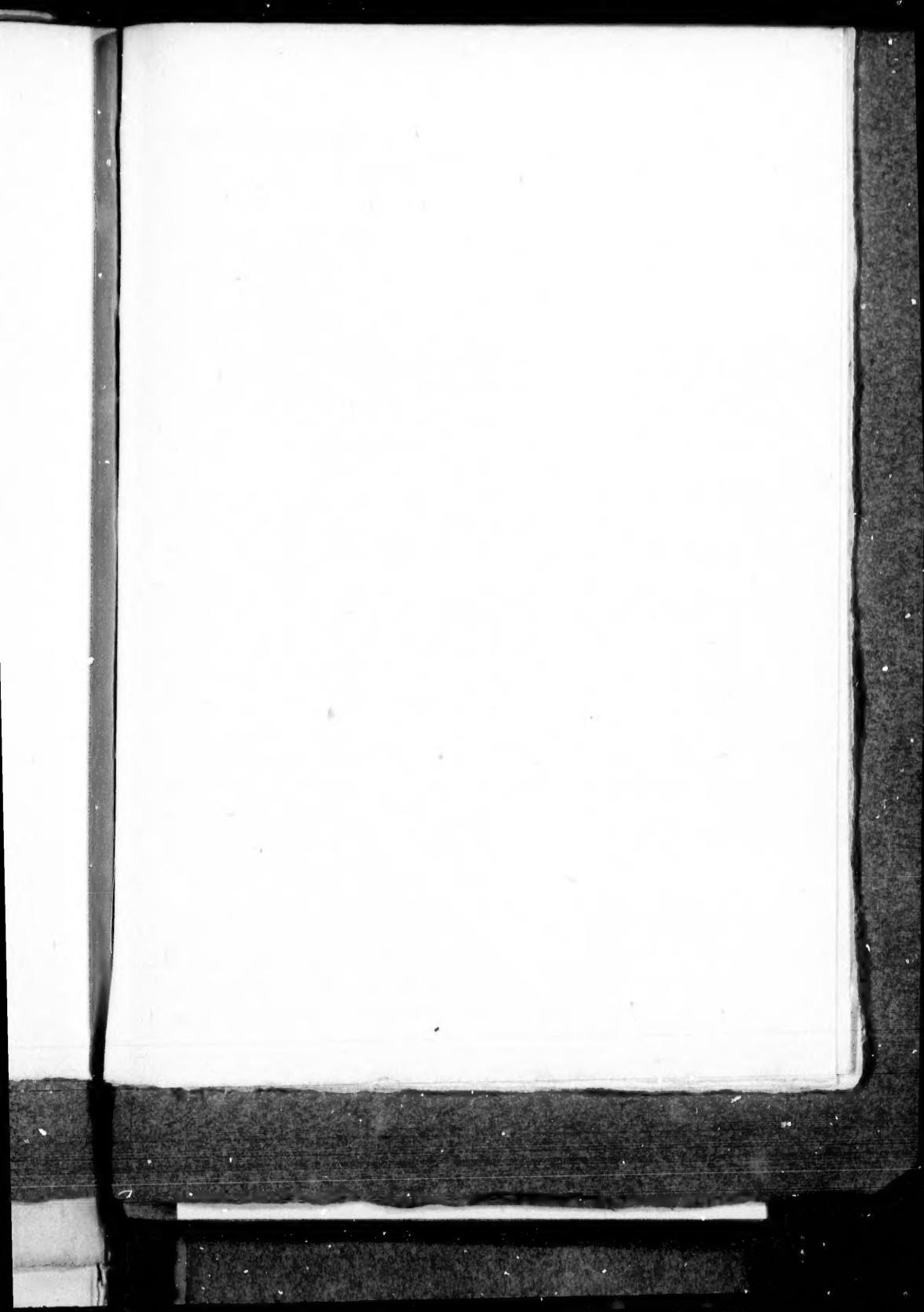
113

TWO POEMS









T

TWO POEMS

TW
CH
CA
ISS
CH

TWO POEMS WRITTEN BY AR-
CHIBALD LAMPMAN & DUNCAN
CAMPBELL SCOTT & PRIVATELY
ISSUED TO THEIR FRIENDS AT
CHRISTMASTIDE 1896

W
De
Th
Th
Du
Th
His
Bu
Th
Rou
The
Fir
We
Sw
Bra

W
De
Th
Th
Du
Th
His
Bu
Th
Rou
The
Fir
We
Sw
Bra

I



E plough the field,
And harrow the clod,
And hurl the seed,
Trust for trust:
The germ yields,
The wheat braids,
We gather the sheaf,
Deed for deed:
The stubble moulds,
The chaff is cast,
Dust for dust:
The man is worn,
His days are bound,
But his labour returns,
The child learns,
Round for round;
The god is astir,
Firm and free,
Weaving his plan,
Swelling the tree,
Bracing the man:

All is for gain,
Sweet or acerb,
Laughter or pain,
Freedom or curb:
Follow your bent,
Cry life is joy,
Cry life is woe,
The god is content,
Impartial in power,
Tranquil — and lo!
Like the kernels in quern,
Each in turn,
Comes to his hour,
Nor fast nor slow:
It is well: even so.

Are
The
Lik
The
sho
The
calls
The
The
ceiv
And
Thro
leav
And
With

II



HE bees are busy in their
murmurous search,
The birds are putting up
their woven frames,
And all the twigs and
branches of the birch
Are shooting into tiny emerald flames;
The maple leaves are spreading slowly out
Like small red hats, or pointed parasols,
The high-ho flings abroad his merry
shout,
The veery from the inner brushwood
calls:
The gold-green poplar, jocund as may be,
The sunshine in its laughing heart re-
ceives,
And shimmers in the wind innumerably
Through all its host of little lacquered
leaves:
And lo! the bobolink, he soars and sings
With all the heart of summer in his wings.